

WALLACE SHIPBUILDER



APRIL, 1944

A FEW VICTORY GARDEN HINTS



The man who grew 14 pound cabbages that were the wonder of Vancouver in 1939, was Bob Crawford, South Yard Time Office Janitor. He gets his cabbages firm as the Rock of Gibraltar by cultivating with a "rack" and hand trowel. "And there's nothing like soap and water to keep down insects," he says. A man who gardens learns to be happy, according to Bob. "The great philosophers have taught that and I believe it."



Eva Birkseth, Plater's Helper, La Pointe, can turn slugs to jelly—just by putting a ring of dry salt round each plant. "I never water my garden unless I can do it regularly. Cultivation is the thing." Eva's is the voice of experience. Sold 22 bags of potatoes last season at \$2.50 a bag. "And I only planted 1½ bags at that!" She's good with strawberries too—promises La Pointe boys 2000 runners this spring.



"Everything he touches grows," is what other South Yard gardeners say of Bert Batts, Second Shift Supervisor of Guards. But when it comes to corn he has a real secret of success—a 12-row beauty called Dill's Early Market. First time he's ever let the name out! You can't buy the seed but if you're kinda nice to Bert—ahem! "Use fair, not heavy soil. Cut off the lower stalks or suckers," says Bert.



Andy Turnbull, Sweeper in the South Yard, makes a study of gardening—gets help from the Agricultural College of U.B.C. He says: "Send a sample of your soil or write for literature. If you need help an expert will come to your garden and trees without charge." But how to kill Club Root in vegetables, Andy discovered for himself after trying every known cure. "Put the land down in grass for 7 years—drastic but sure."



"Onions must have salt and soot," says Bert Sollis, Steel Crew Checker for the South Yard. Bert's Sutton Exhibition onions often weigh 1½ pounds. "Just about two weeks before planting," he advises, "dig the ground and rake in salt and soot—old black soot, not new soot." And here's another wrinkle for beginners—"Don't wet vegetable foliage with a spray. Let the hose run between rows so it will soak the plant roots only."

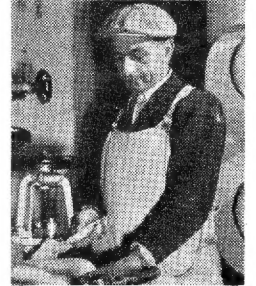


Dugald Brown, North Yard Boiler Shop Punchman, has won prizes for vegetables all over Vancouver and North Vancouver. His peas grew 10 ft. high and he has 12 to 13 peas to the pod. Dugald tells why. "I put old newspapers, sacks and rags at the bottom of an 18 to 20 inch trench. They hold the moisture and goodness of the earth even through long dry spells. This trick's good for beans too."

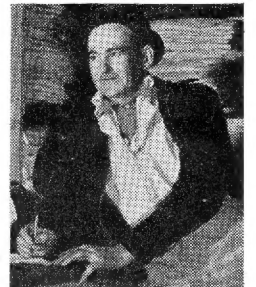
One year on the prairies Marie Jones' 50 ft. lot was the only one for miles left untouched by a scourge of grasshoppers. She enclosed her garden, however, in green cheesecloth—the sides bound with wire to iron stakes, the top laid over a criss-cross of wire. "Crickets! Flies! Poof to them all," says Marie, Sheet Metal Shop, North Yard. Her specialty is designing gardens for her friends—to get the most in beauty and usefulness.



Are there any Burrard Gardeners who hate weeding? Harry Durant, Asbestos Worker at La Pointe, wants to know. Trick—spread manure over the rows of vegetables only—not over the whole surface. Takes time but is a grand discourager of weeds where they shouldn't be. Harry has other secrets too—use manure, not commercial fertilizer, on sandy soil. Also plant a row of each vegetable first, plant the full crop later.



Here's a good stunt from Pat Neville, Pipe Shop Charge Hand, La Pointe: Strong insecticides flavor the radish so he stretches a piece of cheesecloth over his bed and pegs its down until the radish is formed. The radish fly can't get through. "Drop a radish seed every foot or so through the other vegetable beds. Radishes come up first and show me just where to start early weeding. Gives a head start!"



"I finally downed the green worms on red and white currant bushes by a simple thing," says Lillian Chapman, fruit-growing expert. "I use a weak solution of water, coal oil and tobacco juice. It won't hurt the fruit if you wash it carefully." Lillian has a way of canning vegetables that makes them taste like fresh ones. No space here but see her on Fire Equipment, North Yard. She'll tell you in a minute.



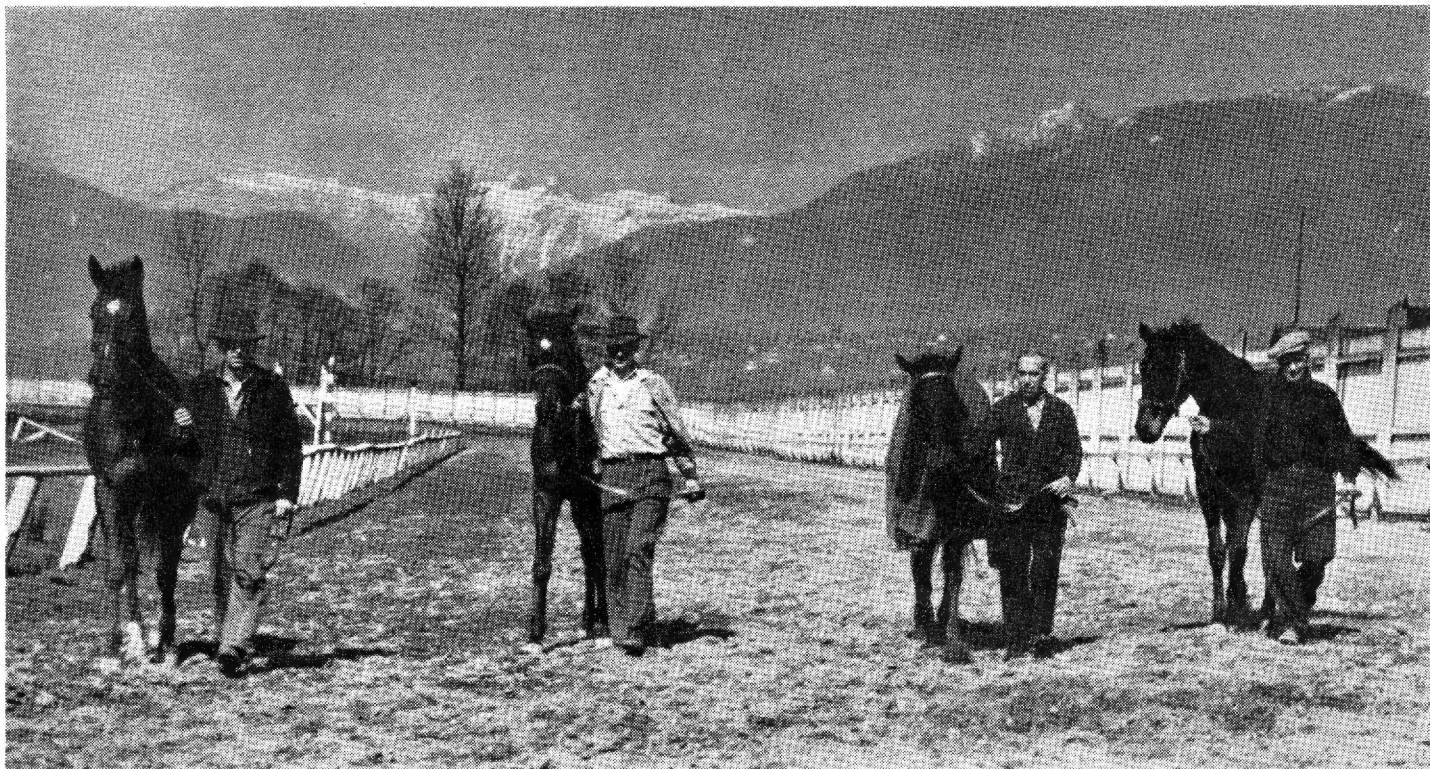
Yee Chung Fung, before he came to North Burrard's Labor Gang, was a market gardener—first in China and later in Medicine Hat. Peter Chew, Chinese Charge Hand, interpreted for us and gave us some fertilizing knowledge gained from Yee's long experience. "Horse manure best for vegetables. Cow manure o.k. for squash and cucumbers. Sheep manure too strong for anything. Uncultivated soil good for big potatoes. Get vacant lot!"



Last year, Phyllis Clanton, La Pointe Sweeper, planted 16 rows of Spanish and Silverskin onions and sold 600 pounds at \$3 a sack. Sprinkling sulphur through the beds before planting does wonders, she's proven. "As soon as the seeds are formed I bend the tops in half. Then when the tops have died right down I dig them. If I didn't like the shipyard so much I'd make a living off onions," Phyllis says.



BY VICTORY GARDEN EXPERTS



The Lions, the Horses and the Boys in the noonday sun at Hastings Park—Alex Jack and Ida Mark, Alex Blair and Leba Trebor, Lisle Scott and Sapyourself, Andy Perry and Brown Earth.

The Five Horsemen of Burrard

Before the morning sun climbs over the eastern peaks and spreads its rosy glow over the city . . . long, long before the Burrard morning whistle blows . . . they're up and at it. And before the evening sun goes gold and dips beyond the western horizon . . . right after the Burrard evening whistle blows . . . they're at it again.

What magnet draws these shipyard men in all their spare time, in fine weather and in foul, every day of the year? Horses! Horses! Horses! Horses with the blue blood of racers coursing through their veins; horses with a fascination for their owners that is unequalled even by the sport of kings itself. A man may own a whole stable of winners yet not find the complete happiness of the fellow who owns *one* horse, works right with him, trains him little by little, ponies him regularly, walks him twice a day, cares for him when he's sick and when he's well, loves him and has a faith in him that's infinite. That's the way it is, anyway, with five Burrard boys who own their own race horses.

Every single morning from 5:30 until twenty minutes to eight, four of these five horsemen and their horses are at Hastings Park. Every evening from five till dark they're there again. Three of these racing enthusiasts are South Yard fellows—Andy Perry, Charge-hand Bolter-up, Alex Blair, Assistant Foreman Plate Shop, Lisle Scott, Stager. The fourth is Alex Jack, Plate-hanger at La Pointe. Tom McGeachan, South Yard Plate-hanger, gets the breaks because he works Second Shift and can spend the live-long day with his horses. He's not, however, a Hastings Parker. His two

racers are colts so he keeps them at Lansdowne where the sandy track is better for young feet.

Andy owns Brown Earth, full brother to Scotch Jean of racing fame. Andy's son, Johnny, is his trainer. "I've lost money all the way from here to Mexico," admits this owner. "I thought if I had a horse of my own I'd at least see where my money went!" But to see the glint of pride in Andy's eyes as he looks at Brown Earth is to know that this youngster of his can win or lose and he'll love him just the same.

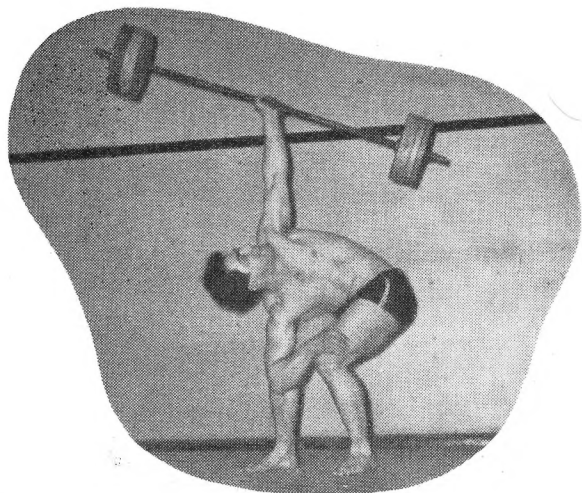
"Nineteen starts and in the money eleven times," says Alex Blair proudly of his Leba Trebor—say the name backwards and you have Robert Able, the well-known owner and trainer. "No matter what the public thinks," Alex goes on, "horsemen are trying to make a real sport, not a gamble, out of racing. All our Burrard fellows are satisfied they win enough races in the next few seasons just to break even. Meantime, we're having the happiest days of our lives just being with horses."

Lisle Scott—the other boys call him the Little Preacher because he's always dressed up—has loved horses all his life and calls his present beauty Sapyourself.

"Why, for gosh sakes, Lisle?"

"Well," grinned Lisle, "if he wins and you haven't bet on him you're a sap yourself and if he loses and you did bet on him you're still a sap yourself." But Sapyourself's boss isn't worrying—his horse comes from the winning Two-to-one stable and he really expects him to do things.

(Continued on Page 10)



This innocent-looking little thing Art's holding only weighs 250 lbs.

Samson of Burrard

It's easy to pick out Art Kaplan as he walks down the ways from the Rivet Stores. He's the only fellow in the North Yard who can carry a 100-pound bag of rivets under each arm and another 100-pounder on his head. Art doesn't do it just to show he can—did it once without realizing what a stir it would cause and now the boys like to watch him. But don't you try it or the Safety Department will be after you. Unless you have the balance and rhythm and muscular control of a trained weight lifter, you couldn't, anyway!

This Burrard Strong Man is a Holder-on on the hulls. He is also the only middleweight in North America who can perform a bent press of 250 pounds with either arm. Half a dozen middleweights can do it with one arm or the other but Art can use either right or left. It's on the records!

"You have to be crazy to be a weight lifter," says Art. "And there's no money in it!"

"Then how'd you get that way, big boy?"

"Seemed sort of natural. At 17 I found that lifting came easy so I started practising at home in Winnipeg. Nearly ruined my mother's floors by dropping heavy stuff on them and she made me stop. So I went to the Y.M.C.A. and began to train under the instructors there."

Weight lifting isn't just a matter of strength, this tosser of 100-pound bags of rivets declares. "There's a definite science to it," he goes on to explain. "You have to have strength, balance and an understanding of leverage. Mental and emotional control are important, too. And you've got to keep the body healthy and in training."

Art has given many exhibitions at Y.M.C.A.'s in several Canadian cities and at the Pro-Rec Club and different sports clubs here.

"What about other sports, Art? Good at them, too?"

"Not particularly," he replied. "Though I am a pretty fair swimmer and haven't fared badly as an amateur wrestler. Guess I didn't go on with that because wrestling breaks you down and I like to build up."

Art has done a lot of posing in the East for many of the great artists and sculptors. You know Mr. Picobac who used to be on the package of tobacco? Well, that's

Art. And the Green Giant holding the cob of corn on the canned corn and the pod of peas on the canned peas? Well, that's Art again. He's also the Pilot in the famous painting by Archibald Barnes. And he's the figure of an oarsman in the beautiful bas-relief stone work on the entrance to the new Rainbow Bridge at Niagara. Artists tell him he's the only model in this country whose muscles don't need to be exaggerated in the finished work. "The guy who sculpts the muscles gets anywhere from \$500 to \$1000 or even more," Art laughed. "The guy who grows them gets \$1 an hour!"

You might think that Art would be a fighter with all those muscles to his credit but he isn't. He hates fighting. "Never had a street fight in my life," he declared. One look at his easy-going grin and you know that. He isn't much for games of any kind, either. But do you know what he does? He plays classical music records—has a big library of them, he reads scientific literature and the classics—loves Byron; has some interesting ideas on world problems. So you see it's not a question of all brawn. He's a smart fella—this Champion Middleweight Lifter of North America. No side to him, though.



Art, posing with three, 100-lb. bags of rivets, didn't even ask Photographer Jack to hurry!

One sunny noon hour at La Pointe last week a group of workers, their sandwiches forgotten, their coffee cold in the cup, sat in a semi-circle along the edge of the pier with their eagle eyes glued to a young welder in their midst. The torch man took a handkerchief—none too clean—out of his pocket, then asked one of the boys for a match. He wrapped the match in the handkerchief, handed it to a girl in the crowd and asked her to break it. In the lunch hour quiet, everyone heard it crack. Not only that—several of them fingered the broken pieces inside the kerchief. Then the welder lad took it, murmured a few magic words, shook it and lo! the match fell out as whole as the day it was made!

Nope! Scotty Chambers doesn't claim to be a magician. He's never done this or any one of a dozen or so other disappearing acts on the stage. Magic is merely a hobby with him. Yet he's as smooth as silk and the boys and girls shout for more.

"Hey, Scotty, how's about giving us a rabbit out of a hat?"

The magic master pulled off his welder's skull cap and looked at it quizzically. "Not good enough," he decided. "Give me a derby, a good shiny derby and I'll do the rest. The rabbit?—Ah, that's my secret."

Talk to Scotty about his wizardry and he'll look you straight in the eye, seriously, solemnly, and say with all the conviction of his twenty-odd years, "It's the *spirits* I talk to who do these things—not me. Have you got a dime?" And you dig into the depths of your pants pocket and produce the coin. He wraps this carefully into the first of a series of as many pieces of paper as are available, folding one into the other until you think you'll never see your kale again. You're practically right because, when he unfolds the bits of paper, after whispering magic words again, the ten cents has disappeared although you know darned well it was there. Then he folds the papers all up again, talks to the spirits once more, unfolds the whole business and you get your money back!

With just the same ease, Magician Chambers changes water to wine—but we'd be mobbed if we went into this!—makes tables talk, chairs dance, and your most cherished possessions disappear into thin air. And all because of a little polite conversation with the spirits! Even Scotty once believed the story about spirits—just for five minutes—when

Now You See it

... NOW YOU DON'T!



Scotty's fellow-workers form a noon-time magic circle around him while he does a disappearing act.

he was ten years old. His father had employed a slight-of-hand artist to entertain party guests. Young William, for such was Scotty named by his parents, was momentarily impressed with the magician's spirit talk until suddenly young logic seized him. He decided then and there to get next to the spirits and be a magician himself when he grew up. It was easy—he just pried into the trickster's bag of tricks.

Scotty, until his health forbade it, was an Able-bodied Seaman and has seen much of the world with the Merchant Navy. He comes by his love of the sea honestly for his father and most of his grandfathers way back, were seamen. During his career on the water he made it a habit always to sail south, so for years he didn't see snow. Of the sunny countries he has been to, he likes Ecuador best. After the war is over he plans to spread his magic carpet and fly to Quito to spend the rest of his life in the golden sunshine and opportunity of this beautiful modern city in the heart of South America.

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VANCOUVER, B. C.

APRIL, 1944

A Blitz and a Blast

Another Victory Loan? Another Victory Loan!

Since the last one, thousands of our own boys have paid the price of war—not with their dollars, but with their lives. They're dead. They can't pay any more.

But *we* can pay because we are alive. We can pay with dollars because we are living in comfort, in safety and in *wealth*. We do pay—through taxes. But without knowing the extremity of sacrifice. And with plenty left for Victory Bonds . . . bonds that will keep the boys marching, flying, sailing . . . bonds that will put guns in their hands, food in their bellies, medicants in their wounds, as they push forward unflinchingly in this most crucial stage of the war.

It isn't much that's asked of us in a Victory Loan Drive. We're not even asked to *give* our dollars. We're only asked to lend them . . . and at three per cent.

They are urgently needed now—these dollars—for the costly weapons of war to win the peace. When that peace is won our money will come back to us . . . a backlog of financial security in a post-war world.

The Sixth Victory Loan Three-day Blitz opens in Burrard April 24. Let's dig deep for the dollars! Let's blast with our blitz! Buy Bonds! Buy Victory! Buy Canada!

Who Pays for Compensation

Often this question is asked by workmen in the yards. Many are surprised to learn that the two cents per day paid by employees for compensation is just a drop in the bucket. Well, where does it come from, then? Perhaps this brief explanation will give you a better understanding.

First, no doubt, you'd like to know what happens to that two cents a day you have been paying for some time now. This money of yours, when received by the Workmen's Compensation Board, is converted into a medical aid fund and is supposed to provide for half the cost of medical aid. Your employer's contributions make up the balance.

From this fund the Board provides necessary medical aid, which includes drugs, medical, surgical and hospital care, other treatment, services and allowances, as authorized by the Act. Whereas the whole cost of compensation for time-loss, permanent, partial and permanent total disability and for fatal claims is paid out of monies collected from your employer, in addition to the monies required for any deficit in the Medical Aid Fund.

Compensation monies, it will be seen, then, come from two sources; namely, the employee and the employer. But you will now see that the portion paid by your employer far exceeds that paid by the employees.

For the year 1943, the Company provided \$1,242,000.00

to pay for the cost of accidents occurring in North and South yards. This money is paid into the Workmen's Compensation Board. Added to this, your employer also paid approximately \$111,868.00 towards the Medical Aid Fund, to which the employees' contributions had amounted to only approximately \$48,662.00.

It will surely appear obvious to any employee, who, let us say, is paying \$6.00 a year towards Medical Aid, that he is reaping the benefits of his employer's contributions.

Now that the heavy accident costs borne by your Company are appreciated, employees might also realize why your Company is so keen on accident prevention.

Accident reductions also bring greater benefits to the workers themselves. Only last year, maximum compensation advanced from \$3.65 to \$4.15 per day, to say nothing of other important benefits.

It is, therefore, well worth your while to give 100% co-operation to accident prevention. It is part of your job.

JIM FORREST, South Yard Safety Supervisor.

Holidays With Pay

For each year served with the company, an employee is entitled to one week's holiday with pay, providing he has 300 days to his credit for that year. Credit is given for all days worked, legal holidays, days on compensation and any unavoidable days absent providing satisfactory proof is furnished. Second and third shift employees are given credit for Saturdays each week.

As holidays are given for health reasons pay cannot be taken instead of holidays. Employees who leave of their own accord are not entitled to any holiday credit but those leaving for reasons beyond their control are allowed one-half day's pay for every 25 days to their credit, providing they have been with the company for over one year.

A. H. MARRIOTT, Paymaster, South Yard.

A 'BOLT' FROM THE BLUE!



Jack Scoble, North Yard Printing Department and our Cartoonist this month, is a man of ideas as you can see by his new character, bungling "Benny Burrard." We hope to have Benny with us as a regular Shipbuilder feature.

Despues De La Victoria¿ Que?

After Victory, What?

"After the war . . . South America!"

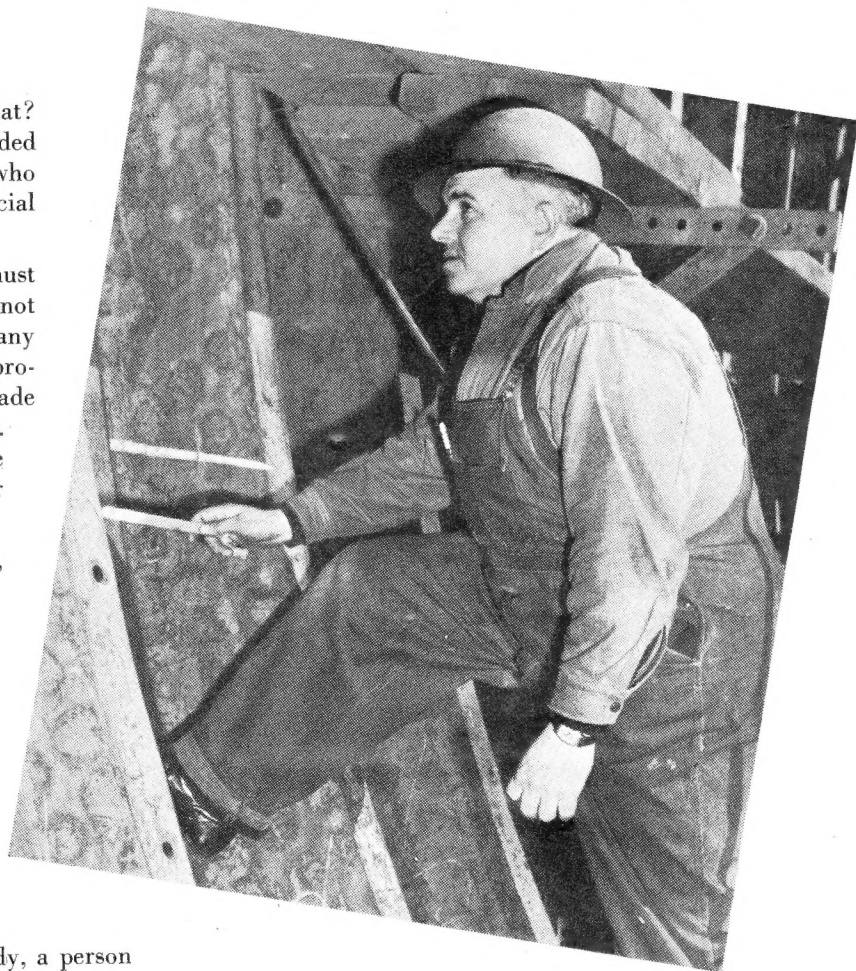
How many times have you heard people say that? "Louie" Louis has heard it so often he's decided to give free Spanish lessons to all and sundry who want to learn what he terms the coming commercial language of the world.

And who's "Louie" Louis? Well, if you must be exact he's Ernest Louis but he's so used to not being called Ernest, that he doesn't answer to it any more. He's a Vancouver ship chandler by profession, a North Yard Bolter-up Chargehand by trade and a free lance interpreter by his own choosing. He reads, writes and speaks six languages and he knows two dialects—and at some time or other he has lived all over the world.

"As soon as the war is over," Louis believes, "the South American countries will be ripe for American and Canadian trade. There will be many opportunities for young men and women and those who can speak the language will have the best chance. That's why I like to hand on my knowledge of Spanish to others—if people are interested. It's fun to teach—and I'm willing to start a free class. My only stipulations would be that my pupils belong to any one of the three Burrard plants and that they provide a place to hold the classes. Spanish is one of the easiest of all the languages and with two lessons a week and a fair amount of study, a person should have conversational Spanish at the tip of the tongue in five months." So's there's your chance, boys and girls of Burrard!

Though born in Wales of Welsh-Greek parents, he first learned to speak Spanish, for he was brought up by a Spanish stepmother. Almost before his baby tongue had mastered his own native English, his father, a ship chandler, began to teach him other languages in the hope that he would carry on the family business. There were no summer holidays for Louie with his Dad on the job, and summer after summer he was sent abroad to be put through a stiff course of learning with one tutor or another. But as soon as the young linguist became conversant enough to make his own way, father, ship chandlery, wild horses — nothing — could keep him home. He wangled his way aboard foreign ships and sailed to the four corners of the earth.

During the last war he was attached to the London Scottish and was stationed in Greece. Greek was as yet one language he hadn't mastered so he went to night school and put in long hard hours slogging at what he believes to be the most difficult language in the world. This stood him in good stead later when he came to Canada and established his own ship chandlery business for he supplied every Greek ship that came to B.C.



Louie bolts-up in English by day but hopes to talk Spanish to shipyard workers at night.

In his travels Louie has come to the conclusion that English-speaking people are lazy about learning the language of any foreign country even when they're living in it. Once in Buenos Aires he asked a policeman where the station was. First he asked in Spanish but the cop shook his head. He tried French but the officer still wagged his head negatively. Then Portugese and no response. Finally he said in English, "I'd like to know where the station is."

"Sure and begorrah, why didn't ye say so the foist toime?" and the New York-Irisher pumped Louie's hand until it almost dropped off.

This many-tongued Bolter-up used to do a great deal of court, immigration and relief interpreting. He was stuck only once. That was when he met up with a deaf and dumb Frenchman!

If it's sign language you want, then Louie can't teach you but if you're interested in the most modern revival of European languages and in new opportunities after the war, send your name and address to the Editor of the Wallace Shipbuilder in the North Yard.

A Victory

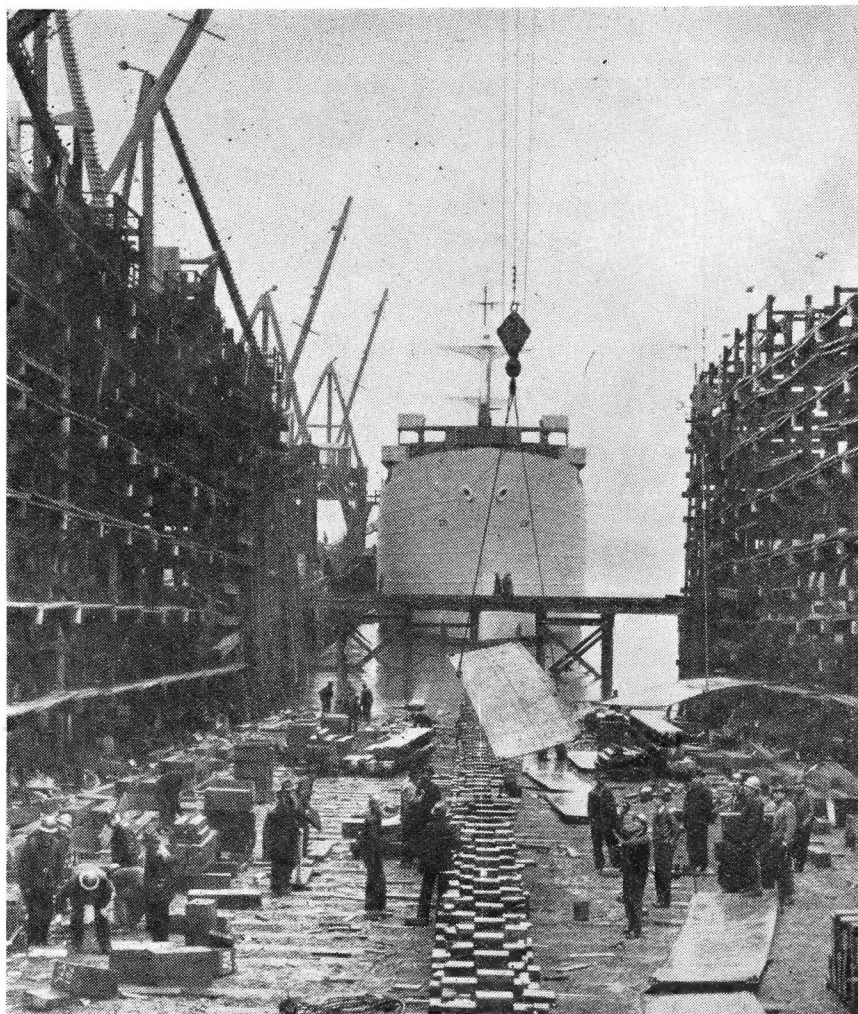
The seventh of a series of articles on the building of Burrard Victory Ships.

For six months now we've been putting together bits and pieces of Burrard Victory Ships, without seemingly getting anywhere. Now, for crying out loud, we're going to build us a boat! Which takes us onto the ways and into the strong arms of the Erectors—headed by Tom McCann, Sammy Murray and Tommy Blaikie in the North Yard; Slim Cocker, Red Williamson and Ed Irving in the South Yard.

The shell plates, beams, frames, brackets and all the prefabricated pieces we've talked about previously are, as you know, ready and waiting for the Erection Gang to start work. Here they go now! But before they actually begin let it be clearly understood that many other departments synchronize with them—the Shipwrights and Fitters who fair up the plates; Bolter-ups who bolt into position temporarily; Rivetters and Welders who fasten together permanently; Caulkers who make watertight; Reamers, Drillers and Burners who work right along with them; Pipe and Engine Fitters, Electricians—in fact most of the trades in the Yards work shoulder to shoulder, build step by step with the Erectors. So let there be no hard feelings if these and other departments don't get their due this time. We'll sneak up on them later. Right now we want to get the damn thing hung!

Just as soon as one completed hull slides down the ways into the salt chuck the Erectors begin the laying of the new keel. The first piece lifted into place is Keel Plate Number 11 which is laid right down on the bare new-laid keel blocks, just forward of amidships.

On each side of Number 11, progressing fore and aft,



The first piece of Victory Ship goes into place on a North Yard ways—Keel Plate Number 11. The finished hull in the background was launched at 5 a.m. The photograph was taken just before noon the same day, showing keel blocks back in position and the Erectors at work.

Shipwrights (left) preparing cribbing for bottom shell plates.

the rest of the 16 keel plates follow in quick succession. Once they are down, the cribbing, or the timbered cradle for the growing ship is laid, and bottom shell plates placed upon it. When all this is in position the centre vertical keel girder, running down the centre of the vessel, goes down on top and is temporarily bolted, finally rivetted to the keel. Then the floors are laid across the ship's bottom—not the kind of floors a layman knows for to walk on them you'd have to be a tight-rope artist—but what might be better termed partitions or, better still, stringers. They're about four feet high—the depth of the tank—and have a three-inch bar along the upper edge and run thwartship or crosswise. These floors are attached to the keel girder and bottom plates and their purpose is threefold . . . to hold the bottom shell together, to strengthen the ship and to prevent water from swishing around inside the tanks.

In these floors, partitions, stringers or whatever you want to call them, are many man-sized holes. Their purpose is threefold, too . . . to allow access to the tanks, to let water and oil move freely and evenly in a rough sea and to actually reduce the weight of the ship. Between the floors, which are about two and a half feet apart, are intercostal plates to give



Right:—Tom McCann lays down the law to Tom Blaikie, but Blaikie's Irish, too, so he's gotta laugh. Sammy Murray doesn't believe a word of it, anyway! Left:—Slim Cocker, with the smile that won't come off, Ed, Irving (left), and Red Williamson (right), talk over their troubles at the end of the day. Nothing serious, though, with these three old-time shipbuilders on the job! All these men, with the exception of Red, were with McCann's Erection Gang at the beginning of the programme.

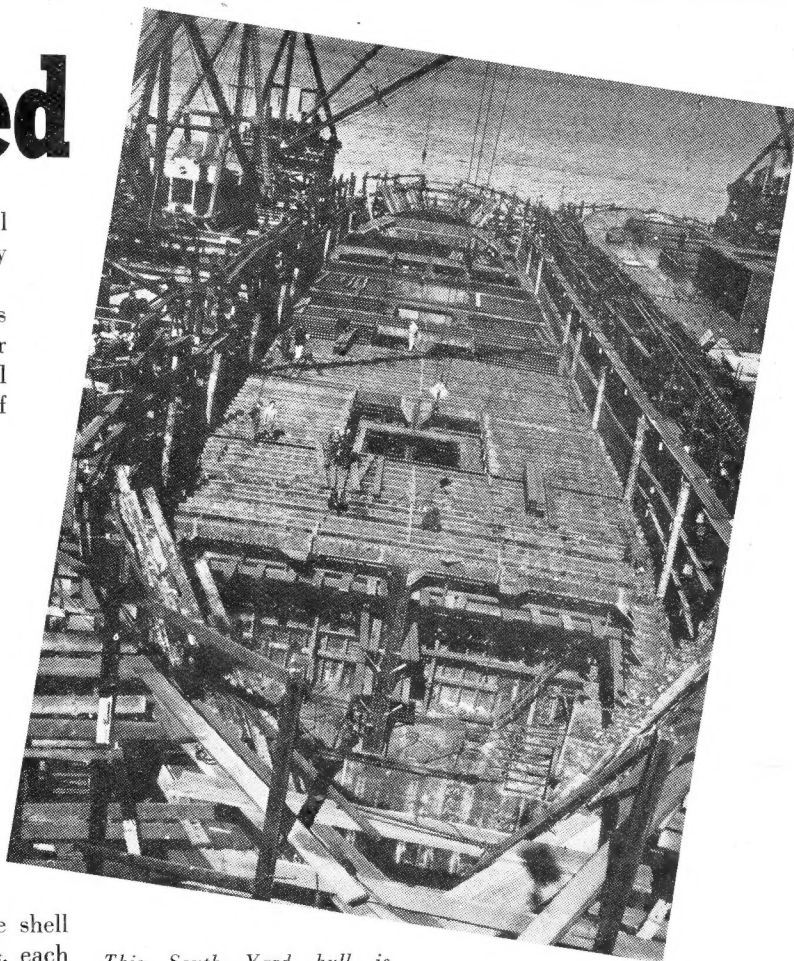
Ship is Shaped

strength to the bottom. When these are in, the hull looks like a great black honeycomb, the men like busy bees crawling over it.

After the Pipefitters have put pipe heating coils and suctions into the tanks the ship is ready for her tanktop, or what, on completion, becomes the actual cargo deck. These tanktop plates are laid on the top of the floors. The space between them and the bottom shell is the tank, sometimes referred to as the double bottom, and is used for water-ballast and oil-storage. At the edge of the tanks, the tanktop plates connect with tank margin plates, flanged to go down at a sharp angle to meet the shell. Welded to these tank margin plates are bilge brackets—triangle plates which provide bases for the frames or ribs of the ship, next in line of construction.

The shell begins to take shape with the erection of the first frame unit amidships which consists of three frames held together by the first plate. This unit is then raised and guyed into position by three wire cables, one to the tanktop and two to the ground. Shipwrights know this as "horning the hull" which means that these three first frames are squared to the keel. From this first centre unit the shell progresses fore and aft, frame by frame, plate by plate, each plate being hung so that each butt or end protrudes a little beyond the preceeding one. This staggers the shell assembly and thus reduces stress in the completed hull.

More or less simultaneously with the hanging of the plates, comes the erection of the bulkheads. In our yards

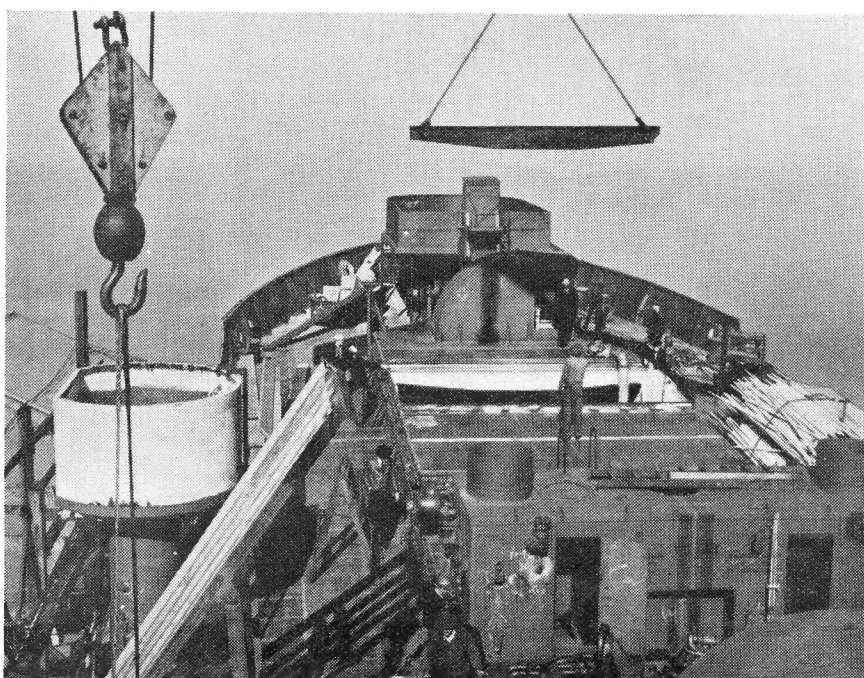


This South Yard hull is about one-third complete with lower deck strong and long beams in place.

centreline bulkheads, running fore and aft usually come first and thwartship bulkheads second, though they can be erected in either order.

It's just about at this point that the already fabricated sections, such as the thrust recess, propellor shaft tunnel, settling tanks, and so on—as well as the stempost at the forward end of the ship to form the prow—are all lifted into position.

With that done we're practically ready to move on to the lower deck. This calls for deck beams and, as each section of the shell goes up, the beams are laid across the ship from frame-top to frame-top. They are supported at the top of the frame by three-cornered brackets known as beam knees. Although the business of every deck beam is to help support the deck, they are divided into three classes. First the *strong* beams which go across the end of the hatches and must carry the whole weight of that portion of the deck. Next the *long* beams which are lighter, because the weight they carry between hatches isn't as great and there are more of them to do the job. Then the *short* beams running from the side of the hatches to the sides of the shell. With all these beams now



The last piece of Victory Ship—a forward hatch beam—goes into place on an otherwise completed North Yard hull.

(Continued on Page 10)

A Victory Ship

(Continued from Page 9)

in position, the lower deck is ready to be laid. In the North Yard, certain portions of this deck—mainly the spaces between hatches—are prefabricated and put down in welded panels. The rest of the plates are laid singly. In the South Yard, however, the whole lower deck is panelled in the prefabricating shops.

Once the lower deck is finished, the Erectors' next job is to put in the prefabricated 'tween deck bulkheads, engine and boiler room casing (really the walls) and the fresh-water tanks. Then up goes the upper deck in practically the same manner as the lower except that the prefabricated upper deck sections are rivetted instead of welded. With the upper deck in place the hull itself is practically completed. All that remains now is to erect the bulwarks—the side of the shell above the upper deck—and to drop prefabricated deck and mast houses, gun platforms, derrick posts and winches into position. Just how simple that *isn't*, we'll tell you when we deal with the crane crew.

With the Erectors doing their work piece by piece, the hull has gone together like a giant Meccano set. How she's held together, *foursquare to all the winds that blow*, is a story we'll let the Steel Gang tell in our next.

Five Horsemen

(Continued from Page 3)

Now Alex Jack is an old hand with the ponies—used to break them when he was a boy on the prairies. As he grew up he turned to race horses. He loves their ambition. "Every horse with good blood has a 'hole card,' that is something which puts him in the groove, a set of conditions which makes him win," Alex explains. "The good trainer finds what that hole card is and seldom has a horse that dies a maiden. Do the right thing by a horse and he'll do the right thing by you. A horse is an honest animal!" Alex owns the fine American horse, Ida Mark.

As a little shaver too, Tom McGeachan made horses his life—used to sit by the hour on the fence at Hastings Park, watch them training and long to own one. But he was always too tall and too heavy to be an exercise boy. He did everything else, though, around the tracks. As soon as he was old enough he went to the Yukon and worked at mining until he had enough money to buy a racer. Those two years are the only ones of his whole life that he worked at anything but horse racing—until he came to Burrard. Tom has owned eleven horses in his life and has always made a good living with them. His greatest horse was Ida S who won \$18,000 in all. Tom has raced in Hollywood Park, San Francisco, New Mexico, New Orleans, and once stabled his horses next to Bing Crosby's string. The two colts he has now he raised himself. One of them is from Jazz Band and Ida S—his name isn't Jazz Ida, as you might suppose, but Villiers Town, Tom's mother's home in Wales. For his mother loves horses, too.

"Feeding," Tom believes "is the main thing with a race horse. A horse is like a man—feed him properly and right on the dot and you'll have no trouble with him."

A horse is good for a human, the Five Horsemen of Burrard agree. And says Alex: "A horse teaches a fellow patience and faith, the philosophy of winning and losing, of taking the good with the bad."

South Yard Tug o' Warriors

The Champion South Yard have two cups to defend in their Tug o' War Campaign this season. Here is their line-up: Anchor man is Holder-on Bill Lihou, weight 234; No. 7, Jack Macdonald, weight 210; No. 6, Rivetter George Kellerman, weight 208; No. 5, Rivet Tester Lou Flood, weight 208; No. 4, Safety Inspector Angus Harley, weight 236; No. 3, Slabman Dave Ratteay, weight 206; Number 2, Slabman Cecil Black, weight 220; No. 1, Engineer Bill Hynds, weight 240; Coach, Billie Wisby, Charge Hand for Heaters and Passers. Boiler-maker Terry Powers, weight 210, is No. 9 man on the team. Captain Angus Harley says it will be a good team that takes the cups away from the South Yard boys this year.

Watch Out For Flat Tops!

The finale of the Hockey Season at La Pointe was the exhibition game put on by two picked teams. The Butter-milk Trojans were: Doug Mills, Harold Cowan, John Whitelaw, James Swanson, Terry Slark, Bert Scott, Cy McKellar, Jimmy Blevings, Harry Milner. The Diehards were: Tom Mills, George Fletcher, Bert Dann, Phil Orr, James Mills, Dave Smith, Norm Stapley, Albert Martin, Arnold Smith, Wally Carter. Hockey that night was so good that next winter the other teams in the Big Four League had better watch out for the Flat Tops!

South Yard Billiard Club

The last regular games of the doubles series were played Wednesday, April 5th. At that time three teams were in the lead, having lost one game each: Dalrymple & Smylie, Ballard & Craig, Botham & Andrews. Dalrymple won his game and in the contest between Botham and Ballard the latter won by two points only, after a neck and neck game all through. This means that Dalrymple and Ballard now have to play off to decide the first and second places in the Doubles' series.

The knockout singles' series will start Tuesday, April 11th, to be completed by the week ending April 22nd. The winner of the singles' contest will be regarded as the champion of the club.

Save a Life

Thousands and thousands of men died in the last war needlessly. Thousands and thousands are being saved in this war because we have learned the value of giving blood. But keeping it up, year after year, is the thing! The Blood Donor Service of the Red Cross want 50,000 new names from Greater Vancouver alone!

How about it? If you are between the ages of 18 and 60 and offer your blood, the chances are you'll save a life. If you're in doubt about your health or the quality of blood Dr. Beech, North Yard Industrial Health Department, and Dr. Sagar, South Yard and La Pointe, will be glad to give you advice.

It's all very simple. All you do is to fill out a card which the North Yard Safety Department or the South Yard and La Pointe Personnel Offices will give you. The Blood Donors' Clinic will send you instructions and tell you when to come. It takes eight to ten weeks after your blood is given for it to be processed and on its way to the battle front. So every day counts!

SPORTS ★ BOWLING ★ BILLIARDS ★ TUG O' WAR HOCKEY ★ BASKETBALL ★ SOFTBALL

With a large crowd of bowlers, friends and supporters cheering them on, the North Yard had their final play-off at the De Luxe Bowling Alley on Thursday, April 6. After the smoke of battle had cleared, the Caulkers, with Captain Nick Taylor at the helm, were declared the champs. Nick himself, was in rare form, and was the individual star of the night. Ably assisted by his team mates who came through in champion style they made the huge score of 4227 for the Four Game Total.

Games	1	2	3	4	Total
1. Caulkers	1081	1019	933	1194	4227
2. Pilot Packing	960	1060	993	962	3875
3. Bobbers	1054	1072	946	859	3931
4. Toolsmiths	869	960	1013	885	3727

Five Pin Bowling—North Yard

These are the team and individual records for 1943-44:
High One Game Team—Caulkers—1257.

High Three Games, Individual—B. Garrett, Marine Fitters—287, 327, 255; total 869.

High Single Game, Individual—J. Read, Office Optimists—373; M. Schmidt, Metal Stickers—373.

High Individual Average—L. Green, Steel Demons—Games Played 63, Average—219.

High Three Games Team—Office Optimists—1074, 1043, 1055; Total—3172.

The Burrard Bowling Banquet on April 21 at the Commodore Cafe will be the biggest shipyard event of the year. The Committee is working very hard—Frank Pew, Bill Morris, Nick Taylor, Bill Shepherd, Jack Fozzard, Les Green for the North Yard. Harry Baker, Angus Harley, Russ Odegard, Jeanne Steeves for the South Yard.

South Yard Winds Up Successful Season

South Yard Five Pin Bowling League completed a very successful season on Tuesday night. A lowly Mixed Team, the Luckies, rolled up 2650 points and won the South Yard

Championship, and hereby lies a story—the two men's divisions were never worried about competition from the team with two ladies bowling and went merrily along without giving an eye to the horse on the outside who charged home Tuesday night and collected the marbles. The Luckies will look forward to playing the North Yard mixed team for the Mrs. Wallace cup and the leading men's team, the Shipfitters, will roll the North Yard for the Hubert Wallace cup.

Here are standings and prizes in Divisions A, B, and C:

DIVISION A— DIVISION B—

1st, Headpinners—\$25.00 1st, Shipfitters—\$25.00

2nd, Asst. Foremen—\$15.00 2nd, Hi-Rollers—\$15.00

DIVISION C—

1st, Luckies—\$25.00 2nd, LaPointe—\$15.00

High Single for Men—\$10.00. Lowe, 415 pins.

High Single for Women—\$5.00. Izod, 295 pins.

High Three Games, Men—\$10.00. Bishop, 796 pins.

High Three Games, Women—\$5.00. Steeves, 626 pins.

High Average, Men—\$15.00. Spear, 211.

High Average, Women—\$7.50. Hargraves and Painter, tied, 159 pins.

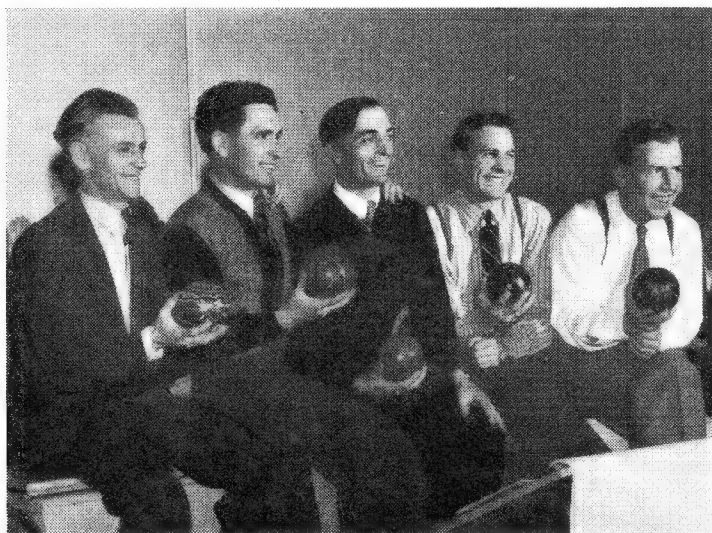
High Team for Three Games, Div. A.—\$10.00, Headpinners, 3090 pins.

High Team for Three Games, Div. B.—\$10.00. Hot Shots, 3269 pins.

High Team for Three Games, Div. C.—\$10.00. La Pointe, 2835 pins.

Prize money is now available in the Personnel Office.

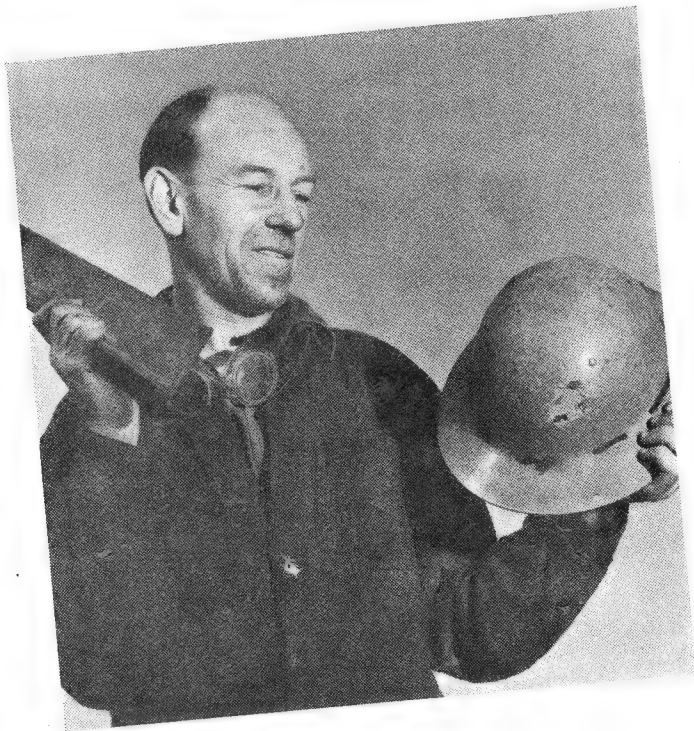
John Coggins has been made Manager of the new Girls' Softball Team at La Pointe. Bob Patner is the Coach and Eva Hedley is Secretary. Thanks to the generosity of their fellow-workers they have now their equipment and have started serious practice. And a second team will be coming along soon.



South Yard Champions, Shipfitters' Team: Jim Irvine, Johnnie Noble, Len Tedford (captain), Freddie Hiller, Les Stephens.



North Yard Champions, Caulkers' Team: Tom Buchanan, Aussie Neild, Nick Taylor (captain), Jim Craig, Jack Engle.



HATS ON TO SAFETY

Notice the lovin' look on Bill Williams' face as he regards his battered Safety Helmet? No wonder! It's the second time it's saved his life. The first time he wore it when he came into the South Yard as a Caulker two and a half years ago, it bounced a bolting-up wrench off his dome which would otherwise have cracked his skull. The last time it saved him, just a few days ago, it was five pounds of angle iron on a two-deck plunge that it bounced. If he hadn't had it on little Willie wouldn't be here to tell the tale! As it was Bill picked himself up, shook his head gingerly, went home, had his wife iron the stiffness out of his neck with an electric iron and was back at work next day.

Bill wears his safety hat to and from work. In fact he only takes it off to eat and sleep and have his picture taken!

Little Billy Gordon who lost his arm on Powell Street when he was knocked down by a street car, is a happy boy today. Jim Forrest, Safety Supervisor, and Angus Harley, Inspector, started a campaign in the South Yard and collected \$180 from the men and women. That bought an arm and left \$40 as a gift. Billy's father is overseas. His mother sends her grateful thanks to the South Yard.

Mr. R. M. Scott is leaving La Pointe this month, much to everybody's regret. He goes back to War-time Shipping Ltd. to take up important work there. Good luck go with you, Mr. Scott!

Mr. H. M. Lewis, General Manager of South Burrard, will take over Mr. Scott's duties in connection with his own, and carry on until our La Pointe Flat-top job is completed.

This Month's Cover

Backlighting, Staff Photographer Cash calls it! In other words, shooting into the sun. Anyway, it gives an effective reproduction of this South Yard hull and shows clearly various stages of construction. Note the tank top plates, and the floor athwartship. Foreward can be seen the intercostals and a small portion of the centre vertical keel girder.

The Woman's Auxiliary to the Seamen's Club is doing all right by them! Fifteen hundred and forty dollars is what they'll turn in as a result of their Navy League Treasure Chest ticket-selling drive. Good going, girls!

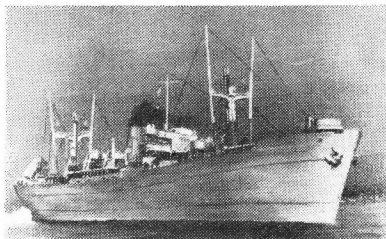
Agnes Hill, North Yard Lagger, has donated a beautiful hand-tooled bag to be raffled in aid of the Entertainment Fund of the Women's Auxiliary to the Seamen's Club. Sure, Agnes did it herself! She's an artist at leather work!

A GOOD SHOW

A movie show's got to be good to keep hungry men staying on after a day's work and others coming in an hour ahead of the second shift whistle. That's just what Percy Anderson's pictures are—good. From 300 to 400 men fill the new Victory Canteen in the South Yard every Monday. The boys of the second shift arrive at 3.15 and stay till 4.15. The day boys see them from 4.30 till 5.30. Andy is on the second shift Personnel Staff. Has a lot of cards up his sleeve—prize fights, wrestling matches, beautiful travelogues, the latest news reels, comics. That's beside his authentic films of actual battles and war scenes released by the National Film Society. The other day a man was heard saying as he left the Canteen, "By gosh, I'm going to drive more rivets every day after seeing that picture!"



« « « Pipes and Portraits



*Burrard's "Fort Wallace" in oils,
by Felix Mekush*

necked sweaters, has practically no hair at all and strong fingers all over dirt. He's never had a lesson in his life, paints for love, not for money, has a real feeling for everything he puts on canvas and is definitely gifted.

His forte is portraits—always has been. His first inspiration was the face of Christ. As a little boy of seven he sat in church one Sunday with his eyes fastened on a picture of the Saviour above the altar, prayers and responses going all unheeded as he studied. Surreptitiously he produced a stubby pencil and while his mother's head was bowed in prayer, sketched and caught the beauty of the Face that held his gaze.

Felix would do more portrait work than he does if shipyard work allowed time for sitting—which it doesn't. So he confines himself mostly these days to sea-scapes and ships

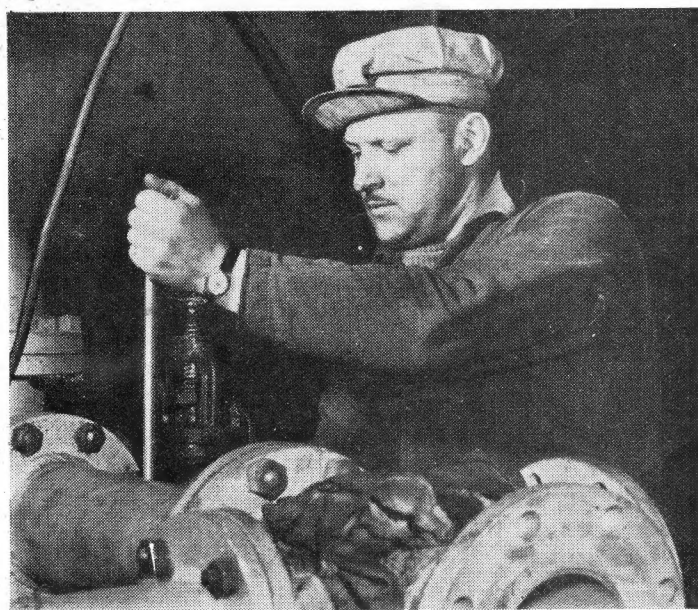
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LAPORTE GIVES A PARTY

The La Pointe Dance at the Commodore, suggested by the girls, planned in detail by Nell Hulme, Women's Supervisor, and Johnny Coggins, Safety Director, supported by everybody from the General Manager down, was a great success. Everyone had a swell time and could have gone on and far into the morning but unfortunately Union rules wouldn't allow the orchestra to play overtime without a special permit. By the time party officials got hep to this, it was too late to do anything about it. Anyway, as it turned out, there was lots of fun, with few headaches and practically no absenteeism the next morning.

Felix Mekush is an artist. Not any arty artist, you understand, who goes in for smocks and flowing neckties, long hair and tapering fingers, but a plain he-man who works in the North Yard Pipe Shop, wears overalls and crew-

and contents himself with the thought that every pipe he helps to lay in a Victory Ship is just another good squeeze of the nut-cracker for Hitler. For Felix is a Czechoslovakian

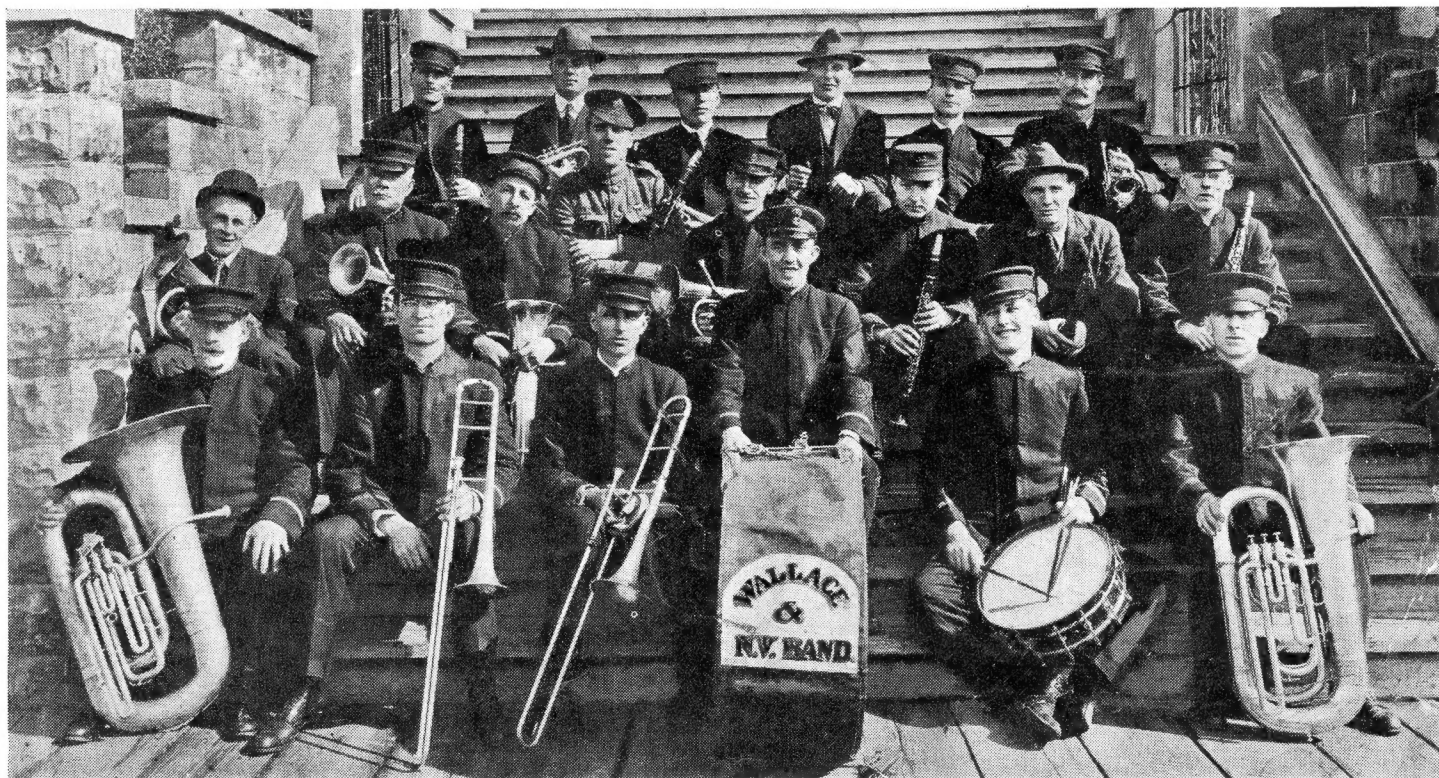


Felix, though capable of delicate work with the brush, puts real he-man strength into pipe-fitting.

and the only bitterness in his artistic soul is hatred of the Nazi's. It was in 1940, after he gave up the trade he brought with him from his own country, sixteen years ago—the designing and manufacturing of surgical shoes—that he came to Burrard. He'll stay as long as they need him even though pipe handling, he fears, may, in course of time, make him heavy-handed with the brush.



Mr. Scott, La Pointe Manager, and Mrs. Hulme, Women's Supervisor, are having a good time, too!



The Talk of the Town was St. Patrick's Dance at the Seamen's Club and the South Yard Women's Auxiliary should be proud. They hand all the honors, however, to Mabel Inkster and Dorothy Phillips Hargraves of the Office Staff. They were the Masters of Ceremony and ran off the floor show numbers with the speed and precision of a professional show.

Harry Kemp of North Yard hulls, who lost his leg several weeks ago, is back in hospital again for perhaps a month. "Nothing serious," he says, "just a splinter of bone to be taken out." Harry's doing well otherwise and certainly appreciates what his fellow-workers have done for him—morally with their visits, financially with a cash collection and physically with a blood donation from Wilf Cowley.

George Calder, South Yard Joiner, veteran of the last war, had a happy day a couple of weeks ago, showing his handsome son, Paratrooper Albert Calder, around the Yard when he was home on leave.

Jingle Contest

Our committee of Five chose the following winner from the Safety Jingle Rhymes submitted this month:

Dorothy Branch (Branchie) Cleaning Staff, Administration Building, North Yard.

Here is her winning jingle:

Our Bill was walking long Number 5
When all at once he took a dive.
He hit his head and now he's dead—
He missed a sign he should have read.

The prize—a beautiful enlargement of one of our Victory Ship photographs—has been given to Branchie.

Come on, Burrardites! Let's have more Safety First Jingles from all Yards.

Here is the Famous Wallace and North Vancouver Band in 1919. This photograph was taken in front of Pete Larsen's Hotel which used to be on the Esplanade just west of Lonsdale. That day the boys were celebrating the launching of the Canadian Volunteer, one of Burrard's earliest steel ships.

A few names and their present whereabouts are: Jim Sharpe, Machine Shop, North Yard, Sam Crowell, Machine Shop, North Van Ship Repair, Joe De Grout, Machinist, Trail, B. C., Walter Cowman, Pipe-fitter Charge-hand, North Yard, Jack Tinmouth, Assistant Foreman Driller, South Yard, Charlie McDowell, Machine Shop, North Yard.

Some of the other boys are still with Burrard, we believe, but we can't identify them. If you see yourself anywhere in the group step up to the North or South Yard Editorial office and tell who you are. Leave a note if nobody's in.

The Champion Girls' Basketball Team of British Columbia has a South Yarder on it. She's Gwen Beech of Stores' Accounting who plays forward with Hedlund's Senior A Team. They have beaten all Vancouver players including one male team, the McGavin Boys — though Gwen has an idea. . . .

Gwen left here April 5 with all expenses paid to Winnipeg where Hedlund's meet the Champions there and play for the Dominion Championship. She'll be back in Vancouver April 17.

The Burners of the South Yard presented Niels Kristoferson, Burner, with a beautiful set of silver flatware before his marriage on March 9, to Emily Purser.

Mac (W.B.) McGillivray and Robert John McGillivray caused more excitement in the North Yard Machine Shop the last few days than they have seen in some time. Mac is an Engine Fitter who is returning to the Merchant Navy—was torpedoed several times in the early days of the war—and Robert John is his new little son. The boys and girls of the Machine Shop gave young Bob a beautiful gift complete to white booties and thermos set.

Around the Yards at Burrard

New La Pointe Citizens

To Harry Marshall, Chipper Charge-hand, and Mrs. Marshall—a daughter.

To Malcolm Waring, Electrical Department, and Mrs. Waring—a daughter.

To Bert Christie, Burner, and Mrs. Christie—a son.

New South Yard Citizens

Patrick James Harris is the new little son of Charlie Harris, Transportation Charge Hand, South Yard.

Linda Marilyn is the new baby daughter of Les Jarvis, South Yard Plater.

Pat McGeacham, Plater Foreman, South Yard, is the father of a baby girl, Mary Ellen.

Wilf Cocker, South Yard Erection Foreman, is all smiles. He has a new son, David William Cocker.

Ray T. Dan, hammerdriver in the North Yard Blacksmith Shop, has left to join the Canadian Navy. He used to be on the Anvils Bowling Team. His father, Tom Dand, is a blacksmith in the North Yard.

Fred Martin, South Yard Bolter-up, was married recently to Rose Brown.

Ernie Pallat, an army instructor for the past four years, is back in the North Yard as a Rigger. Prior to this war he worked 11 years with Jim Andrews.

Flatop Gets First Aid

A young pigeon, wild and full of curiosity about what was going on aboard one of the La Pointe aircraft carriers, zoomed down out of the sky without looking where it was going. It smacked into a guy wire, broke its leg and had to make a forced landing on the flight deck. It was a lucky break, for Audrey Mallett picked the bird up, rushed it to the men's First Aid where Tom Archibald set the leg and put it in a splint.

The bird, frightened and fluttery at first, quieted down under First Aid treatment, lived on the fat of the neighboring grain elevators, became real chummy with the boys and wasn't at all embarrassed at its two weeks' convalescence in

the Men's First Aid, though it knew darned well that the Women's First Aid was the place for it. The splint's off now, the leg well and strong and Madam "Flatop's" away about her business again. The Safety boys believe she's learned the lesson they try to teach all shipyard workers . . . to look where they're going.



When Gabriel Nesselbeck, South Yard Rivet Stores, bought his Victory Bonds last fall, he made arrangements so they would come due on his birthday. Didn't say a word to his family. On the Big Day, March 24, he collected the bonds from the Cashier's Office and brought them home as a swell surprise.

She was a new worker on Burrard hulls—young and pretty. A few days ago one of the men approached her.

"How much money do you make?" he asked. She told him.

"Do you want to go below and make some Dirty Money?"

Her eyes flashed. "I certainly do not," she replied indignantly. "I didn't come to Burrard to be insulted!"



Here's Duff Papin again, with another artistic photographic flower study. Duff takes the pictures, his wife grows the flowers. If anybody's interested in the technical details of this lovely shot it was taken with Verichrome film and a deep yellow filter. Duff used to be North Yard Machine Shop Clerk. He's now with La Pointe Steel Office.

Lois Nelson, South Yard marker, has a beautiful new ring from George Walker, who is away lumbering in the B. C. woods.

Are there any golfers or wanting-to-be golfers at Burrard? If so, some games might be arranged. Speak to Fred Ross, Pipe Fitter, North Yard Pipe Shop.

Fifty-six cents a day will buy two \$100 bonds in a year!



★
 Jack Fletcher, Neil's father, is a veteran of the last war, saw active service with the 50th Infantry, C.E.F., and was wounded at Vimy. Helen Fletcher, Neil's mother, is also a veteran of the last war, saw service with the V.A.D.'s, and Neil's father met Neil's mother in an English Military Hospital.

"We're Right Behind You, Son!"

That's what Jack Fletcher, North Burrard Pipe Shop, said to his son, Sergeant Neil Fletcher, R.C.A.F. Wireless Air Gunner, home on leave, when he visited his Dad in the Yard. It's what every one of us would like to say to every boy in uniform. » »

Well, you say it, brother, when you **BUY BONDS!**

DESIGNED TO PROMOTE THE SIXTH VICTORY LOAN